



A Page of Comics,
Sketches and Stories



New York, Monday.

March 9, 1914

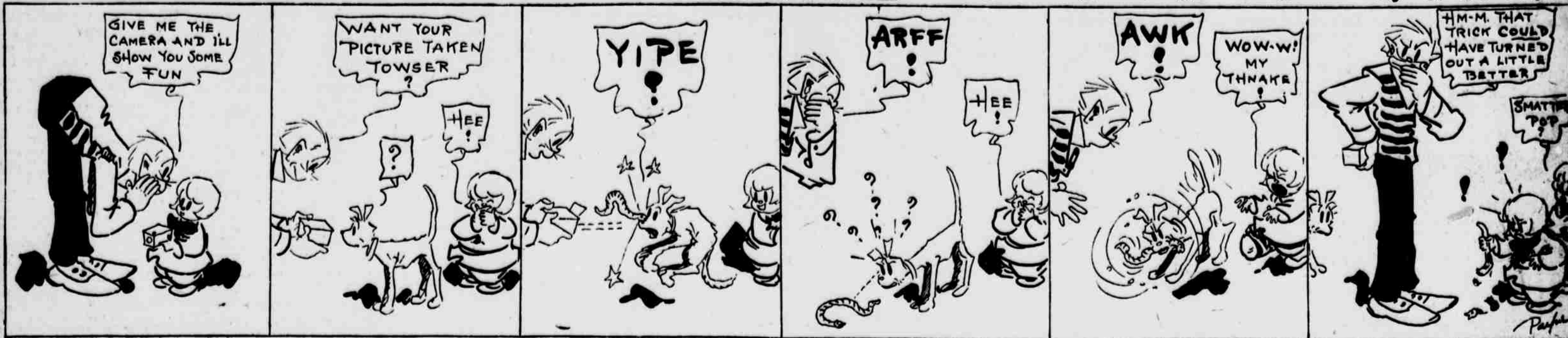
The Evening World.



Fun for the Home
and the Ride Home



'S'MATTER, POP!



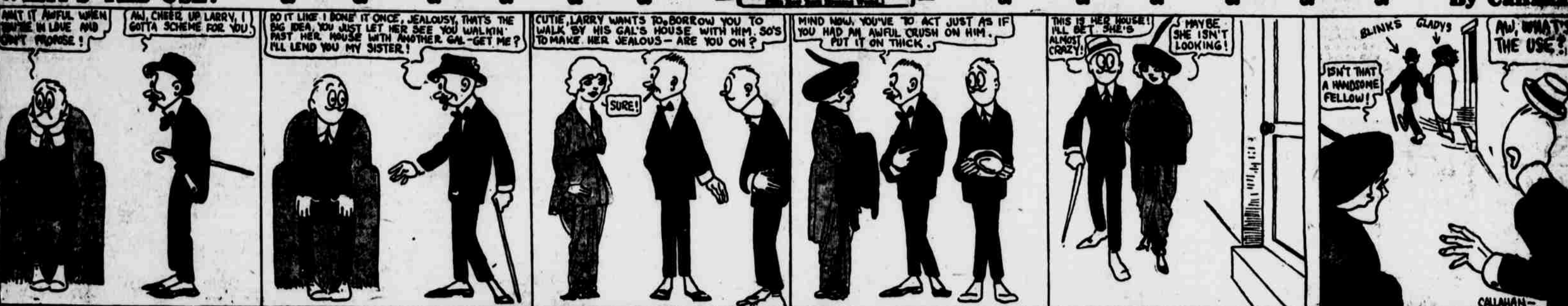
By C. M. Payne

NO USE WRITING A CAPTION FOR THIS PICTURE



By Vic

WHAT'S THE USE?



By Callahan

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MRS. JARR GETS SOME REAL NEWS FROM PHILADELPHIA

"A LETTER from Mrs. Blodger!" cried Mrs. Jarr, as the ever faithful Gertrude, the light running domestic, brought up the mail and the morning newspaper. Mrs. Jarr made this remark in the same tone that Harold Armytage, the classy hero of "The Shrines of Rome," or any other society drama, says, "Ha! A missive from the Duchess! What can't it mean?" Then he takes the letter from the silver liveried servant extends to him, tears the edge of the envelope, extracts the letter, spans it open with his right hand as he holds the upper edge of the paper in his left, and reads it aloud to the audience.

Mrs. Jarr didn't tear the envelope any speak the letter open. No, holding the morning paper clutched under her right arm, so Mr. Jarr wouldn't be able enough to read it at the table till she was through with it, Mrs. Jarr ran a hair pin in under the flap of the envelope and fished out Mrs. Blodger's letter from the all.

"What she say?" asked Mr. Jarr. Not that he cared what she said, but Mrs. Jarr held the morning paper under her right arm, all the rest of the morning's mail, bills included, were placed down to the table with her left elbow, while she "gave a s'ant," as Mr. Jarr would have expressed it, to Mrs. Blodger's communication.

"Gave a s'ant," was the right definition, for Mrs. Jarr held the letter from Philadelphia at an angle of forty-five degrees and read first what was written around the edge of the note paper, then she dipped to the bottom of the last sheet and read the postscript, because she wanted to know the important news first.

"What she say?" asked Mr. Jarr. "She say she's in a sanitarium!" Mrs. Jarr replied, "What would she be in a sanitarium for?" "For being a s'ant," Mrs. Jarr said, "she's in a sanitarium for being a s'ant."

as she pursued the thrilling intelligence that prompted these remarks all around the edges and down into the postscript.

"I think there's a letter there for me, honey," pleaded Mr. Jarr, wistfully gazing at the unread letters planned to the table by Mrs. Jarr's left elbow.

"Now DO be patient!" said Mrs. Jarr without looking at her husband and still pursuing the thread of interest through the mass of feminine orthography, crossed, recrossed, interlined and the added starters of information underscored and written upside down at both bottom and top, as all letters from one woman to another are indited.

"But I think there's a letter for me," repeated Mr. Jarr.

"THIS letter isn't!" retorted Mrs. Jarr, speaking while she read, "and if you will only wait a minute I'll let you see the others. But they are only bills, for the envelopes all have those little waxed paper windows-for then you never need to open them. And to think THAT was going on all the time, right under my nose!"

"What do you mean, going on all the time, right under your nose?" asked Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr, still holding the morning paper under her arm on the right side and having the less interesting of the morning's mail pinned down to the breakfast table by her left elbow, waved Mrs. Blodger's letter with the left hand pivoted by the pressing elbow and the hairpin by the right arm, this last gesture being circumscribed by the fact that she was holding the morning paper under the right arm.

"You'll never guess the news!" she said with beaming face. "Herbert Tynnefoyle has proposed to Irene Cackieberry, and Gladys Cackieberry is having fun!"

"Oh, poor girl! Gladys, I mean—is she in a sanitarium?" Mr. Jarr replied.

"What would she be in a sanitarium for?" Mrs. Jarr asked. "For being a s'ant," Mrs. Jarr said, "she's in a sanitarium for being a s'ant."

the eldest and Irene is engaged before she is, and yet it was Irene that always said she despised Herbert Tynnefoyle!

"What did she say that for?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Because she thought he was smitten with Gladys," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Wasn't it a romance that Herbert Tynnefoyle should have become infatuated with Irene right in our house at our tango tea? So that's why her mother wants me to chaperon her!"

"Chaperon her?" echoed Mr. Jarr.

"Why, yes, Herbert Tynnefoyle—Capt. Herbert Tynnefoyle, for he's a soldier of his country—the Rosemary Grays, who have the cutest armory in just off Fifth avenue; and Irene thinks—and so does her mother—that it will be best for her to stay in New York till the marriage, to keep her dance from meeting some other girl! So I'm to chaperon her!"

YOU GOTTA DO IT!

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A New Color for Coffee.

F RANK P. MORSE, who claims he has visited every American town that is big enough to have a theatre in it, arrived one afternoon in a well grown village whose one street had a straggly, dreary, discouraging appearance. He went to get his dinner at the only hotel in the place.

Everything progressed unappetizingly and smoothly until the old woman who waited on the table crept stealthily behind Morse and asked in a languid, lonely voice:

"Will you have black coffee or white coffee?"

Morse flinched.

"White's that," he asked.

He had heard of blue pearls, brown roses, green carnations and other violent color schemes, but here was a new one. He was seized by the thirst for discovery.

"White, if you please," he said urbanely.

The old woman brought it in. White coffee, it developed, was coffee with cream in it.—The Popular Magazine.

PA'S DIARY

BY HAZIEN CONKLIN.

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PA WANTS NO SON-IN-LAW WHO WON'T WORK.

I GUESS I ain't got to worry much about that Percival feller. Ma and Clarice was kind of subdued at dinner to-night. I didn't get time to get me that swaller-tail outfit, so I couldn't cheer 'em up none. I didn't find out what the trouble was until Clarice got through and went upstairs. Then I says to Ma:

"Bomehthin' happened that don't set well on your mind. What's been goin' on?"

Ma didn't answer me none too readily, but tried to put me off.

"Was it somethin' about your opera party last night?" I asked, sort of suspiciously 'ere's been some hitch in Ma's plans.

"Yes," she said, kind of short. "Mr. Van Der Loon's mother has learned that you are Dobbins, the soap man, and is making it very hard for Percival."

"H'm," I said, hopin' for the worst, "then the match is all off."

"No," says Ma, "by no means. Only it is going to be very difficult to overcome Mrs. Van Der Loon's prejudices. She doesn't want Percival to marry into a family that is in trade."

I wanted to about "Great!" but I didn't do. So I just asked:

"What does Percival say?"

"Oh, Percival is behavin' most gallantly," says Ma. "He says he can understand the difficulties of Clarice's position, and that while it is too bad our wealth isn't inherited—for the sake of appearance—that doesn't stand in the way of his caring for Clarice."

"Oh, it don't, hey?" I says, beginning to feel like some one had dropped a burr down my neck. "His debts must be pretty presentin', then. He must want money pretty bad not to care how it was made for him. It's a shame to see a shiftless young man stoopin' so low that he has to marry dollars that was earned. I suppose I ought to feel honored because he wants Clarice in spite of her Pa. Is that the idea?"

"Don't," says Ma, lookin' to see if the maid had come in, "you are impossible!"

"Now, Ma," I says, gettin' my back up, "you didn't get satisfied at that school, and you ought to have a grain of common-sense left. I ain't never been ashamed of bein' a workin' man. I'd a been ashamed and in the old days you'd a been ashamed of me if I'd a got along by spongin' off'n some one else's hard earned dollars. Its Clarice that ought to be ashamed of a bean that ain't nothin' but a lazy loafer, with high-falutin' notions and nothin' to back 'em up. If there's any stoopin' bein' done, she's doin' it, not him. Are you going to stand for seein' your daughter slappin' in the face just for the sake of weanin' her from Dobbins' Soap?"

"It is humiliatin'," says Ma, "but, Dan'l, you don't understand."

"No," says I, "you've said that before, and I don't understand and I ain't a goin' to understand. But here's where I buck out of harness. Percival don't get Clarice until he earns her. That's flat. And he ain't the earnin' kind, you mark my words. He ain't like Charlie Higgins and he won't never be like him. There ain't no young upstart goin' to spend my money with apologies. If he wants a slice of it he's got to earn it."

Ma set her face and left me. I ain't worryin' none. Between Percival's Ma and me I guess Clarice will be saved from makin' a mistake.

We named the new toilet soap the "Debutanty." It was Jepson's idea.

The Pilot's Greeting.

A SMALL schooner, the Molly Gray, out of Bristol, not long ago was making her way into harbor in a heavy fog which had shut down unexpectedly and had caused a deal of grumbling on board. The pilot particularly was anxious and unhappy. Suddenly at an early hour in the morning the fog lifted a little, and the Molly Gray's pilot saw right ahead of him a big liner.

The Molly Gray's helm was quickly put down, and the schooner slid under the stern of the large vessel.

Then the pilot's voice, husky with fog, rose from the Molly Gray:

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"

"Dartmoor, from Boston," came the answer, promptly.

"How long out?"

"Out all night," was the plaintive answer.—Fall Mall Gazette.

THEN—HE TURNED AROUND!

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I'LL JUST BID 350 - I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS IN THAT 'BLIND'.

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